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ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The Coast from Loango Bay to the River Congo navigated and corrected.—Information obtained from the Natives, and an useful Vocabulary formed.—Arrive in the deep Channel of the River Congo; 150 fathoms.—Cross the Channel and reach off Cape Padron.—The Vessels drive from their Anchors and run foul of each other.—Extraordinary Anchorage.—Visit from the Mafooka of Shark Point—his ragged costume and suite—his arrogance—his farcical appearance in state upon the quarter deck—strong reasons for not admitting him as a cabin inmate—his attachment to the brandy bottle, and long stay on board.—Slave Trade.—Information respecting the Congo—difficulties experienced in ascending the river—reach Sherwood's Creek—Lieut. Hawkey and a party land and proceed into the country—shoot eagles, &c.—collect some plants, and return on board.

The coast from Loango Bay to the Congo, is very incorrectly laid down in the charts. Between Indian Point and Cabenda there is but one river, the Loango Louise,¹ or the *Ka Congo*, as it is called in the maps. Its latitude was computed to be 5. 17. S.² The opening of it between two high lands, is wide, and apparently free from obstruction. A barbarian, styled the King of Loango, is the principal personage in these parts. Many petty sovereignties (the last of which towards the North is called Boal³) own his sway. Makongo, to which the port of Malemba belongs, joins Boal. The next state is that of Ne Goy,⁴ which forms the North coast at the entrance of the river Congo. Its port is Cabenda, and the territory extends along the northern bank of the river Congo. The King of Makorys or Malemba, does not

reside upon the coast, but in the interior, at a town called Chingele, evidently the Kinhele of the common charts, and the Kinghele of Murray's, mentioned in the note upon a preceding passage. It is not however situated on a river, as designated in all these maps.

Before parting with his visitors, Captain Tuckey was anxious to extract as much information from them as possible. He in particular availed himself of their knowledge of the English and French languages, in both of which they could make themselves well understood, (though better in the French than in the English) to form a vocabulary, which was afterwards found of great use in his intercourse with the natives.

On the 2nd July a boat was sent in shore to look for the bank of Bile, described by De Grandpré to be to the South of Malemba, and described by him as shoaling suddenly to seven fathoms. The search was in vain, and the water was found to shallow gradually from where the ship then lay, opposite the Loango Louise, till within three miles of the shore, where it was five fathom, the bottom soft and muddy all the way. Yet one of the natives said he had been on the bank with Mr. Maxwell, that it lay near the shore, and was more in the vicinity of Malemba than in that of Cabenda. The correctness of this statement could not be ascertained. A fair breeze springing up, the expedition sailed along shore till eight in the evening, when they anchored in eight fathoms. It was found that the water shoaled regularly to three fathom at the distance of half a mile from the shore, near which the sea breaks violently over a reef of rocks. This however was considered to be a sort of protection to the beach within, where boats can land without difficulty. Where the vessels anchored the current was found to run to the N. N. W. at the rate of a mile and three quarters in the hour. Red Point, or Chaberoa Point, as it is called by the natives, was this day seen. On the third and fourth, they had sufficient opportunities of making remarks on the coast, as they could not proceed from the falling off of the wind. The land is considerably elevated, and marked by cliffs similar to those of Loango Bay, from 4. 50. to Cubenda and a little beyond, after which nothing but low lands, covered

with wood, supposed to be Mangrove, meet the eye. They were informed that a small river emptied itself into the sea at Chaberoa.

A fresh breeze at W. S. W. enabled them to stand to the South on the afternoon of the 5th. From 22 they soon came into 13 fathom water, but at eight in the evening it deepened to 18, and immediately after at 150 fathom no soundings were obtained. The Captain now found he had got farther than it was his wish to go, having been carried by the stream into the deep channel of the river Congo. He could not anchor on the North bank as he had proposed, but now stood across the channel, and the breeze fortunately continuing for about another hour, carried the vessels across the fathomless bed of the Congo into soundings on the Southern shore, where they struck at 23 fathoms as abruptly as they lost at 18 on the opposite side. They found no current here, and in the deep channel it could not have run more than at the rate of two miles an hour. The vessels anchored in the last mentioned depth of water.

At day light on the 6th July they found Cape Padron, bearing S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and Shark Point S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ South; the latitude at noon in the same situation being 6. 5. S. At noon they weighed with a pretty fresh sea breeze, and ran in for land between the above mentioned points, till within half a mile from the shore. Having then twenty fathoms water, the *Dorothy* bore up for Sharks Point, and immediately lost soundings, nor did they find bottom again with the hand lead till it suddenly struck in five fathoms water. It was now thought necessary to let go the anchor quickly with the chain cable, but finding the ship did not bring up, and was drifting from the buoy, the Captain concluded the chain had slipped, and ordered another anchor to be let go. But before this could be done, the ship was in thirty six fathom, and still drifting. Both chain and cable were now veered away, and the ship at last brought up; but from an apprehension that she might again go adrift, the kedge anchor, backed by a smaller one, was run out. The Congo, which had let go her anchor in four fa-

¹ The Ka Congo of the charts, and the Louiza in the map, mentioned in our next note.

² This is correctly laid down in the map prefixed to Murray's Discoveries in Africa, of which see Review in the Literary Gazette, No. XXVIII. August 2.

³ Called Boosal in the same map.

⁴ The map has no name of these states, nor are we very certain of the orthography of the latter. "Kinghele" is the only name we find laid down.

¹ The Cape of the Pillar, so called from the pillar here erected by Diego Cam in the 14th century.

thom water, also drove, and now fell alongside of her consort, but without sustaining any other injury than the loss of her anchor and cable, which had been let to run out end for end. It was found when the ship had brought up, that she tailed on a mud bank, with but three fathom water, while under the main chains there was fourteen, and under the bows thirty-six. Where the anchor was first let go in four and a half fathom water, there was no current whatever, but where the vessel had drifted to, it ran at the rate of two miles and a half in the hour towards the N. N. W. This current however was considerably affected by a twelve hours tide, being almost slack water at five o'clock in the evening, and at six o'clock the next morning. On heaving up the chain, the anchor was found broken at the crown.

In the forenoon while waiting for the sea breeze, the *Mafooka* of Shark Point did the adventurers the honour of paying them a visit. In order to give them some idea of his importance, he made his appearance, attended by half a dozen miserable wretches, who had the felicity to be attached to his person. This fellow, though as dirty and as ragged a ruffian as could well be conceived, expected to be treated with all the respect due to a Prince. The side ropes (covered with canvass,) were not good enough for a person of his rank; superior accommodation he held to be due to his condescension; and acting on this persuasion, he demanded that a chair with a cushion should be provided for him on the quarter deck. In the last mentioned particular, it was impossible for them to comply with his wishes, and he was obliged to be satisfied with an ensign spread over it. His appearance, seated at the taffrail, his otherwise naked body habited in an old worn out pelisse of red velvet, edged with gold lace, a green silk umbrella held over his head, though the sun was not out, and his silver headed stick of office in his hand, was most ludicrous;—and furnished as farcical a specimen of poverty and pomp, as that presented to our view in the garlick fed Mandarin of Robinson Crusoe.

This exhibition took place at the Captain's breakfast hour; and this august personage did not fail to make it known that he had no objection on such an occasion to be asked into the cabin. But his desire to partake of a meal with his new friends was not attended to, as the odours of his person, added to a cutaneous disorder with which he was covered, operated to his exclusion. Captain Tuckey's politeness, (as he expressed

himself,) on this occasion, gave way to his stomach, and his guest was left to amuse himself on deck in the best way he could. He was not a little chagrined at being thus treated, but was subsequently brought into good humour by a salute from a swivel, and a plentiful allowance of brandy. It did not appear that he had any object in coming on board, but that of getting a few glasses of liquor, and these given to him pleased him so much, that the voyagers were favoured with his company all that night, and the five following days. He informed them, that there were three schooners and four pinnaces, all Portuguese, at Embomma, trafficking for slaves. He further told them, that at that season of the year, the transport could not get higher than Tall-Tree Island, about 40 miles up the river, on account of the shallowness of the water.

At 2 P. M. on the 8th, a fresh breeze coming in from the sea, the vessels weighed, and the Congo being in tow with the transport when abreast of Shark Point, the Dorothy was caught by the current, and carried completely round. Her head having been again, with much difficulty, got up the river, she passed the Point in four fathom, and stood on towards the South bank of the river, steering by compass S. S. E. and carrying a tolerably regular depth of water of from seven to eight fathom for about two miles. At this distance she was again taken by the current, and with all her studding sails set, it was found she went astern. The anchor was in consequence let go in eight fathom, and at 8 o'clock the current increasing, the ship dragged her anchor, and she was already in 16 fathom before her driving was announced by the man who was stationed in the chains to attend to the lead. The sea breeze still continued strong, and every sail was loosed and set, and another anchor let go, which brought her up. During the night the breeze continued light at S. W., and the helm was attended as if the vessel had been under weigh, though riding in the current with all sails up, with the *tout* cable. Finding, when under sail, that the Congo went over the current without difficulty, and passed the transport which had her in tow, it had previously been judged expedient to cast off the hawser, which enabled the Congo to proceed up the river, led on by a boat ahead sounding, until a signal was made from the Dorothy for her to bring to, when she anchored off Sherwood's Creek (so called by Maxwell) for the night.

Though it was nearly dark when the Congo cast anchor, so great was the

eagerness of all on board to explore the country, that a boat was immediately put out, and Lieutenant Hawkey and six other persons went ashore. They penetrated into an immense forest composed principally of palms and mangroves, but could not go far, from the many obstacles thrown in their way by the increasing gloom, and the descending branches and roots of the mangrove, which frequently made it almost impossible for them to advance. After shooting a few eagles and king-fishers, and collecting a few plants, among which was the *Ximena Americanus*, but which presented nothing new to the botanist, the party returned on board.

(To be continued.—An Engraving of a FETISH, and several extraordinary Marine Animals, is preparing for our next Number.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

BEAUTIES OF MASSINGER. Published by John Porter, 12mo. pp. 304. Price 8s.

We are, generally speaking, no great friends to extracted "Beauties"—they are sorts of injuries to authors, winnowing out their grain, as it were, and giving up the rest as chaff. The exclusion is condemnation, and goodly volumes which exhausted much genius and labour, are thereby reduced to the insignificant dimensions of duodecimo or pamphlet. If we are ever brought to relax in this principle, it would be on such an occasion, and by such volumes as the present. Massinger, purged and purified as he has recently been by the able Gifford, (to whom this work is properly dedicated,) and thus restored to the literary rank which he justly held "in the olden times," does not appear in a form adapted to the general pecuniary convenience of the modern era. We are now-a-days compelled to pay dear for drinking deeply of the Pierian spring, which, if not a warm fountain, is at all events hot-pressed, and its rivulet of text has been whimsically declared by a great wit to be much enhanced by our being obliged to buy along with it the banks of margin on each side. Massinger is indeed well worthy the garb in which our Juvenal has clothed him for posterity; but the Editor of the volume before us has, we think, rendered a service to Literature and the Drama, by placing so much of his merits within the reach of common readers.

A life of Philip Massinger is prefixed to these selections. He was the son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman attached to the family of Henry, second Earl of

Pembroke, who died in 1601; and to that of his successor, William, the third Earl, in whose service he died in 1606. Philip was born at Salisbury, in 1584, the 26th year of the reign of Elizabeth; he was educated at Lord Pembroke's seat of Wilton, and on the 14th of May, 1602, entered a Commoner at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. Here he remained four years, and then quitted the University abruptly, without taking a degree. In London, for sixteen years after this period, little is known of our poet, but that it was a period of struggle and distress—the bitter probation to which literary aspirants are too often exposed by pseudo-patronage and great protection, which commonly take genius by the hand just at the point to which they ought to have led it over flowers, namely, where it has surmounted misfortune by its own power, and like the full-winged eagle can cleave its way through a glorious and a happy track, unassisted by those, who either did not mark, or marked unheeded, its early difficulties, its young and unfledged efforts, its painful mountings from the earth to which misery chained it, to the Heavenly element to which it belonged.

It seems certain that Massinger assisted Fletcher in several of his plays, and contributed as largely as Beaumont to at least four of them—"The False One"—"Love's Pilgrimage"—"The Lover's Progress"—and "The Jeweller of Amsterdam."

The *Virgin Martyr*, the first of his own plays that was printed, issued from the press in 1622; but had been acted, as well as others from the same pen, long previous to that date. From 1622, he wrote with great constancy and rapidity to the period of his death, on the 17th March, 1640, when he expired at his house on the Bankside, without experiencing any previous illness. He was buried in St. Saviour's Churchyard, without a stone to tell where he lies:—the only memorial of the event is preserved in the Parish Register, in these melancholy and impressive words: "*March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger.*"

We have the names of thirty-eight plays which he wrote, but only eighteen have been preserved, the other twenty being utterly lost; eleven of them, it is said, by the carelessness of Mr. Warburton, who entrusting sixty MS. plays, of different authors, to the care of a servant, that ignorant person employed them, all but three, in lighting fires, and extinguishing for ever the brilliant works of wit and fancy.

Nathaniel Field, a writer, as well as a performer of eminence, assisted him in the *Fatal Dowry*, whence Rowe stole his *Fair Penitent*:—Thomas Decker, who contested the bays with Ben Jonson, wrote some scenes in the *Virgin Martyr*:—and Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, it is thought, contributed greatly to *The Old Law*;—the other fifteen are entirely Massinger's, whose last play was produced on the stage within six weeks of his death. These fifteen are: *The Unnatural Combat*—*The Duke of Milan*—*The Bondman*—*The Renegado*—*The Parliament of Love*—*The Roman Actor*—*The Great Duke of Florence*—*The Maid of Honour*—*The Picture*—*The Emperor of the East*—*A New Way to pay Old Debts*—*The City Madam* (altered by Sir J. B. Burgess, and played at the Lyceum under the name of *Riches*)—*The Guardian* (imitated by Farquhar in the *Inconstant*)—*The Very Woman*—and *The Bashful Lover*.

The plan of the editor of the *Beauties* has been to extract, as examples, a good scene or two from each of these dramas, with an accurate argument of the plot prefixed, and followed by a selection of passages arranged under distinct heads, and illustrative of the style and powers of the author.

In this respect, as well as in the sketch of Massinger's life, he appears to us to have executed his task with judgment and discrimination. He enables the reader to form a just opinion of the poet, and presents an agreeable miscellany for the amusement of those who look no further than to be entertained by what they read. In closing this review we shall copy out a few of the selections from the *Fatal Dowry*, not merely because it has been esteemed the best of Massinger's tragedies, but because that play is preparing for immediate revival at Drury-Lane Theatre, and the public may be gratified by anticipating some of its most distinguished passages.

USURERS.

"I know you for
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs
Of what is their inheritance, the dead;
For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er pray,
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;
And then the devil your father's call'd upon
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought
on."

CONTENT.

"That may not be; nor can your lordships'
goodness,
Since your employments have conferr'd upon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it:
And, though old age, when one foot's in the
grave,
In many, when all humours else are spent,

Feeds no affection in them, but desire
To add height to the mountain of their riches,
In me it is not so. I rest content
With the honours and estate I now possess:
And, that I may have liberty to use
What heaven, still blessing my poor industry,
Hath made me master of, I pray the court
To ease me of my burthen, that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life
In living well, and learning how to die so."

CORRUPT AGE.

"In this partial avaricious age
What price bears honour? virtue? long ago
It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian."

FUNERAL.

"How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs, and blacks filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth."

DETRACTION.

"Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on."

DRESS.

"Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object
in the world, than to see a young, fair, hand-
some beauty unhand somely dighted, and incon-
gruently accoutred; or a hopeful cavalier
unmethodically appointed in the external orna-
ments of nature? For, even as the index tells
us the contents of stories, and directs to the
particular chapters, even so does the outward
habit and superficial order of garments (in man
or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and
demonstratively point (as it were a manual
note from the margin) all the internal quality
and habilitment of the soul; and there cannot
be a more evident, palpable, gross manifesta-
tion of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood
and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered,
and slovenly outside."

MUSIC.

"I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains, that thought nothing mu-
sical
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, and
trumpets;
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,
Affirm the world was made by musical discord;
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute:
I love it to the worth of't, and no further."

FRIENDSHIP.

"That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been."

We lament we have no further space
for extracts. The volume is closely and
neatly printed, and contains a very great
quantity of letter-press.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SCRIP.

NO. III.

CHARACTER OF JAMES I.

BY SIR A. W. 1650.

This king's character is much easier to
take than his picture; for he could never be
brought to sit for the taking of that; which

is the reason of so few good pieces of him : but his character is obvious to every eye.

He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough ; his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublet quilted for stiletto proof, his breeches in plaits and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublet. His eye large, ever rolling after any stranger who came into his presence, inasmuch, as many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance. His beard was very thin ; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup on each side his mouth. His skin was as soft as taffeta sarsnet, which felt so because he never washed his hands ; only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin. His legs were very weak, having, as was thought, some foul play in his youth, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age ; that weakness made him ever leaning on other mens' shoulders : his walk was very circular, his fingers ever in that walk fiddling about in his — piece ; he was very temperate in his exercises and diet, and not intemperate in drinking ; however, in his old age, and Buckingham's jovial suppers, when he had any turn to do with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the very next day remember, and repent with tears. It is true he drank very often, which was rather out of custom than any delight ; and his drinks were of that kind for strength, as Frontinac Canary, high Canary wine, Trent wine, and Scottish ale, that had he not had a very strong brain, he might have been daily overtaken. He was very constant in all things, his favourites excepted, in which he loved change, yet never cast down any he once raised, from the height of greatness, unless by their own default, by opposing his change, as in Somerset's case : yet had he not been in that foul-poisoning business, and so cast himself down, I do verily believe not him neither ; for all his other favorites he left great in honour, great in fortune ; and did much love Montgomery, and trusted him more at the very last gasp, than at the first minute of his favoriteship. In his diet, apparel, and journeys, he was very constant ; in his apparel so constant, as by his good will he would never change his clothes till very rags ; his fashion never : inasmuch, that one bringing to him a hat of Spanish Block, he cast it from him, swearing he neither loved them nor their fashions. Another time bringing him roses on his shoes, he asked if they would make him a ruff-footed dove ? One yard of six-penny ribbon served that turn. His diet and journeys were so constant, that the best observing courtier of our time was wont to say, — was he asleep seven years and then awakened, he would tell where the king every day had been, and every dish he had had at his table.

He naturally loved not the sight of a soldier, nor any valiant man ; and it was an observation, that Sir Robert Mansel was the only valiant man he loved, and he, he loved

so entirely, that for all the Buckingham greatness with the king, and his hatred of Sir Robert Mansel, yet could not that alienate the king's affections from him ; inasmuch as, when by the instigations of Cottington, then ambassador in Spain, by Buckingham's procurement, the Spanish ambassador came with great complaint against Sir Robert Mansel, then at Algiers to suppress the pirates, that, on the contrary, he did support them. Having never a friend there that durst speak in his favour, the king himself defended him, in these words — " My Lord Ambassador, I cannot believe this, for I made choice myself of him, out of these reasons : I know him to be valiant, honest, and nobly-descended, as any in my kingdom, and will never believe a man thus qualified will do so base an act."

He was very witty, and had as many witty jests as any man living ; at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner. He was very liberal of what he had not in his own gripe, and would rather part with one hundred pounds he never had in his keeping, than one twenty-crown-piece within his own custody.

He was crafty and cunning in petty things, as the circumventing any great man, the change of a favorite ; inasmuch, that a very wise man was wont to say, that he believed him the wisest man in Christendom : meaning him wise in small things, but a fool in weighty affairs.

He ever desired to prefer mean men to great places, that when he turned them out they should have no friend to bandy with them ; and besides, they were so hated by their being from a mean state, to overtop all other men, that every one held it a pretty recreation to have them often turned out. There was in this king's reign, at one instant, two Treasurers, two Keepers, two Secretaries, two Lord-Keepers, two Admirals, three Lord Chief Justices, and yet but one in play ; therefore this king had a pretty faculty of putting out and in. He had a trick to cousin himself with bargains underhand, by taking one thousand or ten thousand pounds as a bribe, when his council was treating with his customers to raise them to so much more yearly ; this went into his privy purse, wherein he thought he had coustined the Lords, but over-reached himself ; but would as easily break the bargain upon the next offer, saying, he was mistaken and deceived, and therefore no reason he should keep the bargain. This was of the case with the farmers of the Customs.

He was infinitely inclined to peace, but more than conscience ; yet he would sometimes shew pretty flashes of valour, which might easily be discerned to be forced. In a word, he lived in peace, died in peace, and left all his kingdoms in a peaceable condition, with his own motto, *Beati Pacifici*.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE ENGLISHMAN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS HOLINESS IN 1680,
BY PARQUIN.

The freeborn English, generous and wise,
Hate chains ; but do not Government despise.

*Rights of the Crown, tributes, and taxes, they,
When legally exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and wrongs they scorn to bear,
More guided by their judgment than their fear—
Justice, with them, was never held severe.
There, pow'r by tyranny was never got !
Laws might, perhaps, enslave them ; force cannot.*

*Kings are less safe in their unbounded will,
Join'd with the wretched pow'r of doing ill :
Forsaken most when they're most absolute :
Laws guard the man, and only bind the brute.
To force that guard, with its worst force to join,
Can never be a prudent king's design—
What Prince would change to be a Cataline ?
Break his own laws, shake an unquestion'd throne !*

*Conspire with vassals to usurp his own !
Let France grow proud beneath the Tyrant's lust,*

*While the rack'd people crawl, and lick the dust :
The manly Genius of this Isle disdains
All tinsel slavery, or golden chains.
England to servile yoke could never bow :
What conquerors ne'er presum'd—who dares it now ?*

*In vain your Holiness does rack your brain :
No son of yours that happy Isle can gain.
Arm'd with one Gospel, and undated law,
They guard themselves, and keep the world in awe !*

AGRICULTURAL PHENOMENON.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, A circumstance has come to my knowledge within these few days, which will, I think, gratify the curiosity of many of your readers ; while to the Agriculturist it will probably prove a subject of beneficial enquiry.

A very respectable farmer of this neighbourhood received about two years since two ears of wheat, with a paper stating them to be one hundred and eighty years old. Some of the seeds were sown, which came up well, but the goodness of the grain was not tried, on account of some pigeons having pilfered the little produce before it was cut. The second trial failed, it was thought, owing to its having been put into the ground too late in the season.

The ears were quite black, and formed part of a bunch, which was tied to the ceiling of some apartment in an old farm-house, which is supposed to have been what was called, in the days when, according to the date, the wheat was cut, "*The Harvest Handful*," and attached to some part of the farmer's house, in the manner the one in question was found. I shall not presume to give my conjectures on the advantages which may result from ascertaining the length of time during which wheat may retain its fructifying powers—but conclude as

Your obedient Servant,

Connington, Sept. 6. 1817.

A. T. P.

THE FINE ARTS.

HISTORY AND IMPROVEMENTS OF THE VIOLIN.

INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Royal Academy of the Fine Arts.

The perpetual Secretary of the Academy certifies, that the following is an extract from the minutes of the sitting of Saturday, July 26, 1817.

M. Chanot, officer of maritime engineers, and amateur of music, has discovered a method for determining invariably the processes to be employed in the construction of stringed instruments which are played with bows.

His views on this subject are contained in the Memorial which he had the honor to address to the Academy, during its sitting of the 27th of May, 1817. This memorial was submitted to the consideration of the musical section of the Academy, to whose labours in making the investigation required by the committee, were added those of M. M. Charles and De Prony.

The object of the first experiments of M. Chanot was to bring to perfection the structure of the violin. It was natural to begin with that instrument; for, in the empire of music, the violin, both *de jure* and *de facto*, always holds the highest rank; and in the arrangement of scores, this rank has for a length of time been established.

Rousseau, a famous violin player in the reign of Louis XIV. observed, that since mankind had applied themselves to imitate the human voice by means of musical instruments, no stringed instruments, played with the bow, had yet been discovered, which effected this imitation with so much exactness as the violin. It is in fact only by means of the bow, that a performer on a stringed instrument possesses the power of lengthening the notes, and playing *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, according to the dictates of his taste, in the same way as the sentiment of the singer leads him to vary the accents of his voice. It may therefore justly be said, that the bow is to stringed instruments what the soul is to the body.

The present seems a favourable opportunity for entering upon a few details concerning the origin of the violin; and a short dissertation on this subject will not, perhaps, be deemed irrelevant to the object of this report.

We therefore proceed to state the opinions of a few authors, though we by no means conceive that the question ought to be decided by any thing they may say on the subject; and we resign the task of rectifying their errors to any one who may feel inclined to undertake it.

But little is known respecting the origin of the violin: it would be natural enough to presume that it was not invented before the ninth or tenth centuries, were it not distinctly mentioned in the writings of ancient authors; and in all the Latin and French dictionaries, the word *plectrum* is translated by *archet* (bow).

Bernardin Maffey, a cardinal, who was born at Rome, in 1514, and who, among other works, wrote a treatise on inscriptions and medals, represents, in an antique, Orpheus surrounded by animals, playing on the violin, which was anciently played with a bow, and known by the name of lyre. Father Kircher says, that the instruments called *magul* and *minium* were in form very much like the violin. Other writers assert that the *nabium* and the *psalterium* of the Hebrews bore a close resemblance to the instrument to which the moderns have given the name of violin.

Euphorion, in his book of *Istmus*, says there was an ancient instrument called *magadis*, which was surrounded by strings; that it was placed upon a pivot upon which it turned whilst the performer touched it with the bow; and that this instrument afterwards received the name of *sambuce*.

The hieroglyphics of Peter Valerian, page 628, chap. 4, present the figure of a muse holding in her right hand a bass or contraviolin, the form of which corresponds with that of our violins or basses.

Philostratus, who taught at Athens, during the reign of Nero, gives the following description of the lyre:

"Orpheus," he says, "supported the lyre against his left leg, whilst he beat time by striking his foot upon the ground; in his right hand he held the bow, which he drew across the strings, turning his wrist slightly inwards. He touched the strings with the fingers of his left hand, keeping the knuckles perfectly straight."

From this description, it would appear that the lyre to which Philostratus alludes is the same instrument which the moderns call the *contra-violin* or *viola di gamba*.

As we have before observed, the word *plectrum* is in the dictionaries translated by *bow*; it remains to be ascertained whether the bows of the ancients were of a form corresponding with ours, and whether they were used in the modern way. Did the ancients strike the bow upon the strings of the instrument? or did they draw forth the sound by means of friction? These questions are still undecided.

Numberless quotations may be accumulated to prove that instruments played with bows are not of modern invention, and amidst their categories, the violin, which has so long maintained its title of king of instruments, may justly be regarded as the chief; for the only remarkable difference among them consists in variety of size. They all have a back and front, connected together by sides, a handle, a finger board, a bridge, a sounding-post, and a smaller or greater number of strings, wound upon pins which screw in at the upper end of the handle.

In addition to this similarity of form, their names bear a close analogy to each other. It is evident that *Violin*, *Violoncello*, *Viola*, *Viola-d'amore*, &c. &c. are but so many titles which serve to distinguish the members of one family. During the ages in which the Troubadours flourished, they were frequently designated by the term *Violleurs*, or violin-players.

We have briefly noticed these opinions, because we regard the violin as the first and most perfect of stringed instruments; and we therefore conceive that every effort which may tend to advance it to the highest degree of perfection, ought to be encouraged by the Academy.

M. Chanot has attempted this difficult enterprise. His methods of amelioration are detailed in his Memoirs.

The object of the first part of this Memorial is the division of the *Monochord*, so as to split the interval between the key-note and its octave into twelve equal semi-tones.

The short algebraic formula employed by

M. Chanot was found correct. Thus a violin with a finger-board graduated after this method, like the finger-board of a guitar, would be fit to accompany all instruments which make no difference between the sharp and flat, by the euharmonic division. But the imperfection of these instruments precisely consists in this equality: to confine the violin to the same limits, would therefore be to deprive it of its superiority over them. Your committee accordingly disapproved of this innovation, and M. Chanot renounced it with the utmost readiness.

The second part of the Memorial is the most important; it points out the alterations which have been made in the ordinary construction of the grooved violin, with a view to produce more sonorous vibrations, or to multiply the vibrations in the fibres of the wood, and to obtain, as an accessory, a greater degree of solidity in the body of the instrument. Projecting edges and grooves have now been employed, and the angles are covered with hard wood, in order to resist concussions. This simple form enables the maker to employ one single piece for the side curvatures, and to dispense with the use of rivets, which diminish the elasticity of the case. This construction is therefore favourable to the production of vibrations which otherwise would not exist. But M. Chanot chiefly attributes the sonorous quality in the vibrations of his new violin to the method of cutting the sounding-board; to the form of the parallel holes on each side, which are made to approximate as closely as possible to the curvatures; to the situation of the bar in the centre of the sounding-board in the form of a splint, and likewise to the geometrical section of the instrument.

In consequence of these improvements there are, in an equal degree of thickness, many more vibrating fibres under the immediate pressure of the bridge. Confining ourselves to a single point of comparison, it is sufficient to observe, that to give to the holes of common violins the form of the letter *f* is generally bad. The turnings of this letter render it necessary to cut a considerable number of fibres, which no longer vibrate under the immediate pressure of the bridge; whilst in the new violin, without augmenting the mass of fibres, the parallel holes on the sides allow of the attainment of the maximum of the vibrations.

The author establishes the following simple principle, which has been confirmed by various positive experiments, namely: that the long fibres are favourable to the production of low tones, and the shorter fibres or arches to the production of high tones. This should be the guiding principle in the construction of instruments such as the violin. By fixing the sounding-post at the back of the bridge, the fibres of the sounding-board are divided into two arches instead of being cut in two, on the side of the E. string. This division is necessary, because, the high tones being produced on that side, the bridge acts on the shorter arches like a small lever, whilst on the side of the large strings the fibres are enabled to vibrate in the long arches, necessary to produce low tones.

This explanation of the play of the instrument is rendered probable by the experiment of placing the sounding-post behind the foot of the bridge, on the side of the large strings: the large strings and the E. string then resound in a far slighter degree than before, and the tone of the instrument is considerably damped.

Hence the new model, with an equality of volume, and circumscribed within the same principal dimensions, must produce a more powerful tone, and be better calculated for the performance of sostenuto passages than the violin of common construction, since it possesses a greater number of long arches for producing deep tones, as well as short arches for high tones.

This theory, which is founded on simple principles, has been confirmed by decisive experiments, which establish the superiority of the structure of the new violin over all others. The comparison was hazardous. M. Boucher was requested to bring to the sitting one of the best *Staduaris*. A very advantageous prejudice exists in favour of these excellent violins; M. Boucher, to enable the members to judge with impartiality, therefore stepped into an adjoining apartment, and played alternately the same passages on both violins.

The whole committee, during three successive experiments, thought they were listening to the *Staduaris*, whilst M. Boucher was playing on the new violin, and, *vice versa*, supposed he was playing on the *Staduaris*. This repeated mistake decided the question in favour of M. Chanot's violin, which, though made of new wood, partly of two years and partly of six months' cut, sustained this powerful competition without any disadvantage.

Your committee, Gentlemen, whilst they bestow on M. Chanot all the eulogium which is due to his zeal and intelligence, are of opinion, that the service which his ingenious improvement on the violin has rendered to the art of music, entitles him to the favour of the Academy; and they recommend you to be pleased to confer on him some evident mark of your approval, which may serve at once to manifest your justice and your wish to encourage those labours which are calculated to extend the circle of the Fine Arts.

Signed, Gossee, Cherubini, Catel, Lesueur, Charles, De Prony, Berton, Reporter.
The Academy approves of the report, and adopts the conclusions.

Certified conformably to the original.

QUATREMIERE DE QUINCY,
Perpetual Secretary.

M. Berton a second time read the report on the improvement of the violin by M. Chanot. M. Boucher, the celebrated Violin Professor, performed various pieces on the violins of *Staduaris* and M. Chanot; and by this comparison the Academy was convinced of the justice and truth of the report of its committee, which was put to the vote and adopted.

The President expressed to M. Chanot the satisfaction of the Academy, and thanked M. Boucher in the name of all the members present.

QUATREMIERE DE QUINCY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THIRTEENTH LABOUR OF HERCULES.

Ex quo vis ligno fit Mercurius.

In times which we moderns distinguish as old,
Men made their own Gods, which they worshipp'd and sold.

Some were made out of marble, and some out of wood;

But the worship of either was equally good.

An artist who wrought for the popular taste,
But who could not afford to cut marble to waste,
Had chosen a log of convenient length,
And exerted his skill on the famed God of Strength:

But whether his skill or the times were not good,

'Twas in vain that he offer'd his godship in wood;
In vain that he gave the best place in his shop!—
For the sky might as soon as a customer drop.

He had made a few meals on the Goddess of Love,

And was making his last on the head of his Jove:
But Fortune, who never does matters by half,
And leaves us no choice but to cry or to laugh;
As the whim that prevails, she is kind or is cruel;

Not a stick had she left our poor artist for fuel.
Now, whether his thoughts turn'd his head that way round,

A help from the Deity present he found.

Then, like a good heathen, he knelt on the floor,
And begg'd from his Hercules one labour more!
That, since to the end of his faggot he'd got,
The hero would help him in boiling his pot.

MORAL.

Now, brother Artists, 'tis for you
To make the application due;
Whether it might not be as well
To burn the works you cannot sell:
They'd give at least a warmth and blaze,
As good as barren public praise.

D—y.

IMPROMPTU

On reading that the Pacha of Egypt had sent several sacks of ears to Constantinople, as a proof of his victory over the Wechabites.

O'er Wechabites the Pacha's fame
A wondrous trophy rears:—
Tongues other conquerors proclaim;
His deeds are told by Ears!

A paradox is his campaign:
No town does he attack,
Yet his foes' capitals are ta'en,
And all given up to sack!

TRUTHA.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 28, 1817.—The Rev. T. Stoddart, B. A. of Clare Hall, was last week elected a Foundation Fellow of that Society.

Yesterday, the Principal and Professors of the College of Glasgow, unanimously elected Doctor Thomas Thomson, now of London, Lecturer in Chemistry in the University.—*Glasgow*, Sept. 6.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A SPANISH STORY.

Concluded.

After dinner, my lady came to her Siesta. She was very thoughtful, and sparing of her conversation. I attributed this to the departure of the French, or rather of

the Colonel. "So my lady," said I, "they are going away." "Yes, Brigida, they are, thank Heaven, though I fear, not for good." At this moment Rosina came in, and said that Diego had returned. "Bring him up," exclaimed my lady, springing from the bed. "Into your bed-room," I observed with wonder.—"Yes," said she, "here or anywhere." Rosina now came back with Diego, bringing a letter which my lady snatched from him, and putting her finger on her lips, "Remember, Diego," were her words. "I will, my dear lady," replied he, but stood still. I believe he was as eager as myself to know the contents of the letter; but my lady hurried out of the room. I followed her as close as I could to the saloon, where the Colonel had been sitting. I believe it was for him she was looking, but he had gone out soon after dinner. She paced the room with great anxiety for about half an hour, and then sat down to the piano; she played a few notes of the patriotic song, then got up, stood motionless, lifted her hand above her head, and then began to walk up and down with a very quick pace. At this juncture the Colonel came in—my lady ran to him with the letter, which she had put in her bosom. The Colonel took the letter and read—"I thank you for your information, but it is quite incorrect; the enemy are retreating in every direction, and I shall follow up the advantage I have gained—52000!—it is impossible,"—may God preserve you many years,—from your affectionate Uncle." B.

"There is but one thing for it now," said the Colonel; "I have ordered all the troops from Orduña, agreeably to my commands, but I have not given the route which was pointed out. I have sent them out of the way of the impending business, but I fear the trap is too well placed for us to break the spring of it, since your uncle will not believe that it is laid. There is now," continued he, "but one thing for it, and that is, that I go to him myself. My own company is so attached to me, I am convinced I can persuade them to join in the cause of the patriots. They are all Tyrolese, and, as such, know how sacred a thing is liberty, and how great a villain the man is who wrested it from them, and is endeavouring to tear it from the Spaniards." "May God bless you!" said my lady, as she threw herself upon his neck in tears. The Colonel took out his handkerchief to wipe them away, but could not see them for his own—thus, without a word they stood, and I believe, in innocence, tasted the most refined pleasures of friendship. "I will go and prepare for my departure," said he, collecting himself, "and you must be so kind as to order Diego to accompany me, that I may send him on before occasionally; in the mean time," continued he, drawing a paper from his sleeve, "here is the little translation I promised to you; you can read it when you have nothing better to do." My lady took it from him with marked complaisance and put it in her bosom; the Colonel then observed there was no time to be lost, and that to arrive soon enough to prevent the snare, he proposed setting off at 10

o'clock that night, with seventy of his detachment, who had attached themselves to his person, so that he begged a letter might be ready at that time, for the Spanish General her uncle. My lady took him by the hand, with more pleasure in her countenance than I ever saw before in that of any one, and walked down stairs with him, continuing all the way to hold his hand,—a piece of impudence I should not have thought her capable of. Said I to myself, as they passed my hiding hole, if you meet Don Antonio now, what a precious explosion we shall have. However they encountered no one, and she returned in high spirits. About 10 o'clock Don Antonio came home, and found my lady and myself in the saloon; she had been writing, but was now playing and singing. She had very handsomely told me all I knew before, but there was still a strangeness in the matter, the drift of which I could not understand. "Well, my dear," said Don Antonio, "it gives me great pleasure to see you join in the general sensation of the day, for I was afraid that the departure of our guest might not be altogether agreeable to you." "He told me," replied my lady, "that he would go at 10 to-night; I shall be glad when he is gone," continued she; "but I am not uneasy—for I am sure he will keep his word." "It is just 10 now," said Don Antonio. "And there he is," returned she, seeing him enter the door. "Welcome, Colonel," said Don Antonio. "I have only come to take leave," he replied; "I am just going." "Nay, you shall not go before supper," said Don Antonio. "I cannot stay one moment," rejoined the Colonel. "You must stay supper," repeated Don Antonio, embracing him. "Excuse me, my dear friend," rejoined the Colonel, "I cannot delay." "Let him go," said my lady, "perhaps he cannot stay." "How do you know any thing about it," replied her husband angrily. "There it is, Colonel! now that you are going away, you may see really who are your friends among us." "Then," rejoined my lady, "as you are so very kind, let us see you produce some of your liqueur de Barbade, and drink to the Colonel's good health before he goes." "Well, I will," said Don Antonio, and immediately went out of the saloon into the study, where he kept this precious stuff locked up. The instant he turned his back, my lady drew a letter from her bosom, which she had written in the early part of the evening, and put it into the Colonel's hand. They seemed to have forgotten that I was in the room, for he kissed the hand that gave it to him, saying, "We will meet again I trust, under more propitious circumstances." "May it please God," she replied, "to crown our wishes!" They now looked at each other, as if they wished to say, or do something, which they did not dare; but they neither said, nor did any thing, but continued to hold each others hands, looking I cannot tell how. "Farewell," said my lady, bursting from him; he struck his hand upon his forehead as she fled, and sunk upon the chair that stood near him. In a few minutes Don Antonio returned with a flask, but he solicited the Colonel in vain to taste of it,

who turning round to me, as Don Antonio drank his health, said, "Farewell, Duenna;" then taking a gold ring from his finger, which he gave to me, he embraced Don Antonio, and took his leave. "Where is Donna Aminta," said her husband to me, as soon as the Colonel had gone down stairs. "In her chamber," I replied; "where should she be?" "I should like to see her then," continued he, "for there is no knowing what schemes there may be against me." "Oh," said I, "if you suspect any thing, come along with me." I now walked as slowly as possible towards my lady's room, so that he lost all patience before we arrived there; which was just what pleased me. We found my lady sitting in the dark, but the candle which I carried in my hand showed her to be much engaged in thought. When Don Antonio found she was there, he apologized by saying he only wished to know where she would desire to sup. "I am not very well," said she, "Duenna, I would like to go to bed." He left us, and my lady proceeded to undress, and hurried herself to rest—but never could I imagine her reasons for it, unless it was to get rid of me; and God knows there was no occasion for that, as I was already in the secret: however, I kissed her hand, and retired to bed also. In the morning she called me to matins, which was the reverse of our custom. She looked as if she had slept little, although she went to bed early. "It is late, Duenna," said she, "although it be dark; the day is gloomy." I arose immediately, and certainly we were in the church before any body. I felt the morning very cold, and was very glad when we returned home to our chocolate; I took mine with great pleasure, but my lady turned her cup round and round, and stirred it twenty times, and then after dipping the toast, she left it there, and set down the cup. "I do not care for it, Brigida," said she; "tell Senor Juan I wish to speak to him." I obeyed; and in about a quarter of an hour, Senor Juan made his appearance. "I kiss your Excellency's hand," said he, "pray command me." "Have the goodness, then," she replied, "to go through the town inquiring for all sorts of public news from Biscay." "I will do it willingly," said he, and withdrew. "Now, Brigida," said my lady, "we will go to our country garden, and there pass the day; I will take my guitar, and you your spindle; that we may amuse ourselves if we can." "That is well put in," said I. The sun came out as we left the house, which made our walk extremely pleasant, for the morning had been dark and lowering, with a cold east wind. It was 9 o'clock when we entered the garden, where we amused ourselves counting the bunches on a muscadine vine during the greater part of the forenoon. "This is endless work," said my lady; "I have no genius for counting truly, come." Now, I counted the bunches over and over again patiently, while my lady walked up and down the gravel before me. "How many do you think there are?" said I. "Perhaps 666," said my lady. "No, indeed," replied I, "the good vine is not the beast in the Apocalypse." "I wish it were," ex-

claimed she, "we should soon root him out, even if he had fourteen crowns and twenty horns, and every crown and every horn was marked *Napoleon*." "Heaven save us, my lady!" said I, crossing myself. "I always have the horrors when one speaks of the devil." "Come, come, Duenna," said she, "let us talk no more of him. Come away and help me to gather some laurel and a few roses, that to-morrow I may have a garland ready for ——" "For whom, my lady?" said I at once. "For a friend of ours, for a friend of our country." "The French Colonel, my life on it!" exclaimed I. "Not a word, Brigida," said she. "But in one thing you have been mistaken. He is not a Frenchman, but a Tyrolean, forced into Napoleon's service, and hating its crimes." "Oh, I am so glad!" said I, "now I understand the mystery of your loves." "No, Brigida," she replied, "do not mislead yourself. If I were inclined to love him I dare not, my heart will never admit an unbecoming sentiment." "But you looked at him as if you could love him," said I. "Perhaps I did, Brigida; but you make no distinction between the action and the person. It is abundantly easy to abhor an action, and yet to love the person guilty of it. I own it to be my case with Don Antonio. Now if I can separate Don Antonio and his conduct, why not Monsieur Walstein and his?" "You are perhaps right, my child," observed I; "but remember what you yourself said to the Colonel about the danger of tempting love in any shape." "Depend upon it, Duenna," she replied, "it is a mistake to say that love overcomes all things, or that he is the tyrant of our liberty. To attribute all to fate and necessity, is but the weak stratagem of lovers to excuse their own faults." "I cannot argue with you, my dear," said I; "but pray keep in mind the fable of the moth and the taper." She made no reply, but smiled; then taking a paper from her bosom, she said, "Neither you nor Armida's bird shall have any influence over my sentiments." "Pray, my lady, what says Armida's bird to the question?" She read it as translated by the Colonel. "Well," said she, "it is very pretty," as she finished it, and folded up the paper.

"And now let us go to gather the roses and laurels; but I will mix no myrtle with my garland I assure you. Would to heaven that I could in reality entwine it with the olive!" I do not know how I could have made the mistake, but so it was, that I plucked cypress instead of laurel. She took it from me, then looking wistfully on me, dropped it on the ground, and burst into tears. "Blessed saints!" said I, "my lady, what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing," said she, recovering herself; "a sudden thought occurred that had almost overpowered me, but it was too like a foolish superstition. I will think no more of it. But we must gather some of this laurel," continued she, going to a shrub, and without looking at it pulling the leaves. I was surprised. "What would you do with that, my lady? it is acornite." "You know nothing about these things, I see," said she, rather

displeased. "Come along, we will go home."

We arrived just time enough for dinner. But my lady sat at table, like the statue of thought feeding upon itself. Once or twice she attempted to eat something, but seemed to forget that she had put it to her lips. Don Antonio took his cigar, and my lady and I retired to her room. "I shall not lie down," said she, on entering it, "for I cannot rest. But Brigida, bring me my father's and mother's hair from the wardrobe, that I may employ myself in plaiting it." "Dear my lady," observed I, "what puts such a fancy into your head, as to think of plaiting dead people's hair? Rosina can do it at any time, and there is no chance of making her melancholy." "I am rather unhappy, Duenna, though I do not know why; and I think looking at my father's and mother's hair may comfort me." "If so, my lady, it shall be done;" and so saying, I brought it out. "Now, Brigida, send for Rosina, to settle my own hair, while I employ myself with this," I called Rosina, who set about her work, but after she had taken out the braids, and let the hair fall, she was desired to leave it, and help to arrange the long tresses of the dead. By my assistance, they were soon set in order, and looked, what they were, the true and plain proofs of Iberian blood. My lady fastened them together, and hung them thus round her own neck. She stood up to admire their length; and indeed it was admirable, for they hung down to her feet, like a sable tippet, such as you may have seen worn by some beautiful maiden of England or Russia. As she stood, her figure engaged me much, but her countenance still more; I would have given the world to know what thoughts passed in her mind, as she gazed upon the dark tresses of her parents, but whatever they were, her soul seemed entirely occupied, it was perhaps filled with a presentiment of what was so soon to come.

The door of the chamber opened. I thought it was accident, and went to shut it. To my astonishment I saw Diego, pale and covered with dust; he looked like a ghost escaped from a charnel house. "What ails you," cried I. He spoke not a word, but opened his mouth as if exhausted. "Who is it?" said my lady. "Diego," said I, "and the picture of death, Senora." She flew to the door, and catching him by the arm, looked him eagerly in the face, and shook her head. "It is all over then?" He made no answer, but with a trembling hand drew a paper from his breast; she looked at it for a moment, and then dropt it from her hand, exclaiming, "Oh my God!" She sunk upon the floor. While Rosina ran for water, I knowing that it was no time for ceremony, picked up the paper; it was thus:—

"My dear child, farewell. Before this reaches you, I shall be no more. My wounds are mortal, but that concerns me little. Your friend is wounded, and taken. He was, alas, too late. Your information was true. But it is now finished. The day is lost, and with it, perhaps the freedom of our country. Vive Fernando. Farewell, Farewell, my child."

Vittoria, Nov. 7, 1808. Buxeda.

My lady raised herself on one hand, and with the other seemed to brush away something that floated in the air before her eyes. Rosina and I helped her to the bed-side. But she would not lie down, continuing to look wildly round until her eyes fell on Diego; when seeming to collect herself, she said, "Where is the letter I saw just now, Diego?" Diego stood like a statue, and knew nothing; but put it into her hand. She read it over and over again; every now and then putting her hand to and from her eyes, as if to sweep away something that interrupted the sight. At last, "Oh Diego!" she exclaimed wildly, "tell me when he died."—"No one is dead, my lady," said he, scarcely intelligibly; "but," and he paused and grew paler still; "but,—they are bringing the Colonel,—tied with ropes, to Ordunna, where, they say, he is to be shot this night." "Merciful God!" she uttered in a low tone, fixing her eyes above; "and my uncle?"—"I saw him last, my lady, when he gave me this letter. He was then lying on the large table in the Posada at Vittoria. He also gave me his purse: there it is," continued Diego, throwing it on the floor, "and he said to me, God bless you Diego, you are the son of an honest man."

The Saints deliver me, I did not know what to make of all this, but I plainly saw there was sorrow enough in it. Poor Rosina hung upon the lady Aminta's arm, and wept aloud. Diego did not move, but my lady looking strangely on him, took him by the neck, and kissed his forehead. Heaven deliver me, but I wondered at her; but when she turned round to me, and told me that I had married Godoi, and was a traitor, I trembled; for I saw that her wits were gone. Rosina tried to soothe her; "Do not you know your own Duenna, my dear lady?" said she. But so strange were my lady's looks, that Rosina trembled too. I took her hand, and went upon my knees. She raised me up, with a softened countenance, saying, "Come, let us go look for him." She was leading me to the door, when I entreated her to stop a little; she seemed persuaded, and turned towards the toilette, wreathing the hair that still hung from her neck, round and round her arms. Catching up some of the flowers and shrubs that we had brought in with us, "Here," turned she to Rosina, giving her a rose, "put that in your bosom, and wrap patience round the thorn. We will go now, my mother," she repeated, touching my face with some sprigs of the laurel which she had held in her hand; then suddenly starting, she threw them down, exclaiming, "No! I will have none of you. My mother told me in a dream last night, that you were acornite." "God save you, my lady," interrupted I; "it is night—pray, and go to bed."—"I am not dead yet," said she, "why bury me? I am going to a wedding. Will you go too? If not, stay here, and I will send for you."—"Providence keep us all in our senses," thought I; then looking at her, oppressed by such a thought, I was overcome, and fell into violent hysterics.

What happened for some time, I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself in bed, and alone. There seemed to be a

dreadful noise in the streets. I endeavoured to collect myself, and ran from room to room to find my unfortunate lady. A great light in the street, and the sound of a vast tumult drew me to the balcony. I saw the Colonel, lying in a cart, almost lifeless, and bloody, with his hands tied behind him. He was in the midst of soldiers, horse and foot. I thought that the lady Aminta might have seen the same sight, and that it had driven her to despair. I looked among the crowd for her, but to no purpose. There was not a soul in the house. So finding myself unable to remain a moment longer in suspense, I ran out of doors, and made my way immediately towards the square. Seeing that I could not get through the crowd when I reached it, I went round to the Posada, where I might overlook it from the balcony. The door was not to be passed for the press of people. They were carrying in the Colonel's dead body. I now knew the meaning of the musketry I had heard as I was getting towards the square. I forced my way up after the body, into the great room. The moment they set it down, I discovered my lady coming towards it. She did not start at the sight, but sat down by its side without emotion; then lifting its eyelids with her fingers; "Do not you know me?" she sighed. "You used not to look at me thus!" Then pausing, and casting her eyes up and down the body, "Ah!" said she, shaking her head, "I see it has rained blood in Spain this day. On this she arose suddenly, and taking him by the hand, "Come with me, Walstein; I have laurels for you. Buxeda sent them by Diego." Then kneeling, she took her uncle's letter, and tearing it into little stripes, stuck it in his hair, with a few green sprigs which she had kept in her hand. "And here are roses for you," as she pulled off the leaves of a rose, and threw them on his cheek. "But they will fade too; I will go and bring you lilies. Stop then," wept she, "stop, and do not move until I come again."

"Alas! poor lady," continued the Duenna, "oppressed by the fate of her friend, her relation, and her country, her sole delight is now to wander about the roads and gardens, singing broken songs, and gathering shrubs and flowers. I attend close to her in all her walks, and have succeeded this morning in persuading her to come in and rest herself. For my part, I think it was Heaven's mercy that deprived her of her wits. There she lies," said the Duenna, pointing to an inner room, "there she lies, poor thing, fast asleep, and may her sleep be refreshing; for she was the sweetest lady that ever eyes looked at upon Spanish ground."

ANECDOTES

OF THE COUNT DE SAXE AND MADemoiselle LECOUREUR.

We cannot insert these anecdotes so indicative of the character of the country, which thus paints depravity, without an observation on the rank prostitution of language in which they are related. The abuse of words is even more dangerous in the

moral than in the political world, and in our days we have seen this vice carried to its acme in both. In truth it is now no easy matter to discover whether fidelity, dignity, generosity, pure attachment, &c. mean what they once did, or adultery, degradation, extravagance, and unprincipled dissoluteness; as we find liberality, honor, patriotism, and a love of liberty, are the phrases which stand in some vocabularies for atheism, perjury, rebellion, and treason. Ed.

Maurice Count Saxe was less faithful to love than to glory; but even amidst his weaknesses he never totally forgot the dignity of his rank. His passion for *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was no doubt noble and sincere.

In this actress were combined superior talent, beauty, sensibility, and benevolence of heart; in fine, every quality that can inspire and excuse an ardent passion. A man celebrated for his wit, on seeing her perform the character of *Elizabeth* in the *Earl of Essex*, said—"I have seen a Queen among the players." She seemed born to be the Mistress of a Hero; and what is still more, she was his friend. Though the violence of her attachment gave rise to the most unrius jealousy, it was not on that account the less sincere or lasting.

One evening, whilst she was performing the character of *Phædra*, she saw the Count de Saxe enter the orchestra. She had previously discovered an infidelity on the part of the Count: and at the moment when *Phædra* exclaims to Hippolytus,

"Au défaut de ton bras, prête-moi ton épée," she rushed in a transport of jealousy towards the actor who was performing *Hippolytus*, seized his sword, and to the amazement of the whole audience plunged it into the bosom of the Count. The theatrical sword was blunt at the point, and the thrust being aimed by an unsteady hand, the Count fortunately received no injury. This proof of love, it is said, did not offend the vanity of the Count de Saxe, who easily obtained forgiveness for his error.

There never was an instance of more generous friendship than that displayed by Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, when, without the knowledge of her lover, she sold a casket of jewels worth 40,000 francs, which sum she forced him to accept to assist in maintaining his adventurous claims to the Duchy of Courland.

The Count de Saxe was in all respects an accomplished cavalier. Mademoiselle Lecouvreur preferred him to all the rest of her admirers. She sacrificed them all to him, with the exception of one or two very particular friends; of one of whom the Count became jealous. One evening, when Count Saxe had received from the lady protestations of the most tender love and the most inviolable fidelity, he took leave of her apparently satisfied; but suspecting that his rival was waiting for his departure in order to introduce himself, he devised a new and whimsical mode of ascertaining the truth. Desperate lovers rend their hair without mercy. The Count imitated them on a small scale: he plucked a single hair from his head, and fastened it with wax across the opening

of the door by which he had quitted his mistress's apartment. Returning in about an hour, he discovered that this frail barrier had not been respected. He knocked loudly, and being admitted, commenced a search, and soon found the gentleman, who no doubt thought himself very happily concealed. One might naturally imagine that this affair would have destroyed the union of Count Saxe and Madlle. Lecouvreur; on the contrary, it rendered them more intimate than ever. The lady was as good an actress in private as in public. She soon planned out her own justification, and it is said, that she even compelled the Count to acknowledge that he was in error, and to apologize to her for his conduct.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

SIGNORA STORACE.

It is some years since Storace retired from the stage. To all intents she had disappeared from before the public as a performer. Yet she still retained a portion of celebrity. She was visited by some of the great, and by many of the profligate; she gave an annual fete, to which the love of whim drew some, and the folly of fashion drew others; with an independent income, luxurious, not destitute of intelligence, and considerably accomplished, first distinguished by the unhappy notoriety of a guilty connection, and finally, deriving such interest as is to be derived from cruelty on the part of the man to whom she had been fame and fortune; few women came more recommended to the calamitous notice of the idle of the world.

Her musical life began early. She was the daughter of *Stephen Storace*, an Italian performer of some talent on the double bass, and the sister of the celebrated composer of the same name. According to the custom of foreign musicians, she made several circuits of the little Italian courts. Her voice under *Sacchini's* tuition soon acquired unusual power. She was first heard at Florence, where the Dilettanti augured highly of her future excellence. Her next displays were at Vienna, with an improved voice and person. The Continental stage has the painful pre-eminence of impurity. STORACE as a new face attracted attention, and she was finally appropriated by *Fisher*, we believe, a celebrated hautboy player. The appropriation was subsequently supposed to have matured into a marriage; but higher authorities were said to have interfered; and by an imputation on Joseph II. which we cannot believe, *Storace* was released from her chains, and FISHER sent to seek his bread abroad. When FISHER had fixed himself in Ireland, *Storace* left Vi-

enna, appeared at the Italian Opera in London, and was a leading singer at Concerts. In 1782 she made her debut at Drury Lane, in *Adela* in the *Haunted Tower*. She here developed the quality in which she was to build her honours as an English actress of great comic humour. The stage has seen no more perfect representative of archness, rural coquetry, or animated raiillery. In 1793 she appeared at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, and with increasing reputation. On the death of her brother in March, 1796, she left Drury-Lane Theatre to accompany BRAHAM to the Continent. They arrived in Paris at a memorable time, the day preceding the 18th *Fructidor*. Their reception was so flattering among the Parisian circles, that their stay, originally intended for three weeks, was prolonged to eight months.

After this influx of popularity in dinners and suppers, concerts and conversazioni, they set off for more classic indulgences, and made a tour of Italy. In 1801, they appeared at Covent Garden, in an Opera written by *Prince Hoare*, "Chains of the Heart." STORACE was now in possession of all the liveliest parts of English Opera, her *Margaretta* in "No Song no Supper," and her *Floretta* in "The Cabinet," were among the happiest efforts in that line of the musical drama. She had never been handsome, but she had a tolerable figure. Her countenance was rudely finished, but it looked striking when lighted up with the play of the part. Her figure subsequently spread into deformity, and for a long period the disease of which she died, the dropsy, appeared to be making advances on what was once grace and symmetry. She was a clever, prosperous, and wretched woman. Her concubinage with Braham, equally criminal in both, was to her, shame and misfortune. For the greater part of their intercourse, a kind of dubious acknowledgment of marriage was sustained, which prevented the world from directly pronouncing her an adulteress. But in the connexions of the vicious there is no feeling, as there is no honour. After being the mother of Braham's children, and bearing the general name of his wife, that heartless paramour flung her off to public disgrace. This weighed upon her, and her death was probably hastened by a sensibility which she had no right to feel, and a regret for the man who had forfeited every pledge to a wretched and affectionate woman.

We see, from the Newspapers, that her Will is advertised for; so that it is impossible to say how her considerable fortune is bequeathed.

SOME MEMOIR OF THE LATE
SAMUEL WOODFORD, ESQ. R. A.
*With Critical Remarks on the style of PAUL
 VERONESE, and other Masters.*

Many persons, who are delighted by folios in praise of the conquerors and destroyers of mankind, would record the lives of Artists in a very brief compass. They deem it quite sufficient to mark the date and place of a painter's birth, the year of his death, and a few professional anecdotes. These are usually comprehended in a mention of the master under whom he studied; the department of painting in which he excelled; and a casual remark on the degree of excellence to which he had attained. We should feel no inclination to deviate from the brevity of a periodical obituary, or a monumental inscription, but that we conceive a notice of an artist's course of study may afford some profitable hints to Students. By having the path pointed out, in which he acquired his correct expression of truth, or deviated into the vice of *manner*, they may learn what to do and what to forbear; what master to follow, or whom to shun. A memoir may thus, without being tedious, be made the basis of general reasoning; and, by showing the good or bad tendencies of the prevailing style, and the influence which injudicious imitation and corrupt fashions exercise over the Fine Arts, be rendered instrumental in purifying the public taste. A writer, in advertent to the merits of the Dead, may promote the interests of the Living; and the fame of a British Artist in the grave, become a means of advantage and glory to the British School. This, perhaps, may best be effected by avoiding the details of private life, in which the public have no interest; and leaving to the fancy of catalogue-writers, the dry list of pictures and prices, which can be of no importance in an estimate of genius.

But, as it is much easier to plan than to execute, we very much doubt our power to effect even any small part of this good. We may, however, hope to be pardoned for the attempt; and offering our preface as an apology, shall proceed with the subject of our present notice.

SAMUEL WOODFORD, was born at *Castle Cary*, in the county of *Somerset*, in the year 1764. His parents were descended from a respectable family long settled in that county; and two of his brothers have survived him: the one was Lieutenant-Colonel of a fine regiment of Volunteers during the late war; and the other is a Physician, in high practice, and now resident in *Castle Cary*. He received a good school education, and early displayed a passion for drawing. The merits of his untaught essays attracted the notice of HENRY HOARE, Esq. who was an admirer and patron of the Fine Arts, as may be seen by those who visit the place of his former residence, *Stourhead*, in the county of *Wilts*, now the seat of his grandson, SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE, Bart. At that period, C. W. BAMFYLDE, Esq. of *Hestercombe*, in the county of *Somerset*, and WILLIAM HOARE, Esq. of *Bath*; the former conspicuous, as a *Gentleman Artist*, for his skill and taste in painting and etching land-

scape, and the latter so well known for his admirable portraits and compositions in crayons; paid their annual visits at *Stourhead*. They, also, were struck by young Woodford's drawings, and anxiously contributed to his improvement by their instructions. The advantages which he reaped from their lessons, and the praise which he received, encouraged him to follow the bias of his genius; and with the consent of his parents, he chose Painting as his future profession.

This determination was followed by his coming up to London for the purpose of entering himself as a Student in the Royal Academy. A candidate for admission is bound, by the laws of that Institution, to submit to the judgment of the Council, one or two of his drawings as specimens of his ability; upon the merits or demerits of which, his reception or rejection depends. As the drawings must be executed from naked figures, and are generally from plaster casts of antique statues, this task cannot be performed by a mere beginner. Young Woodford's performance was approved of; and he was admitted to the privileges of a student in March 1782, being then, according to the memorandum, entered on the Journal of the Academy, eighteen years old. We may infer, from this favourable circumstance, that he had a considerable share of practice before, and was able to draw with a due degree of taste and correctness. It is said by contemporary students, that his application, after his reception, was earnest and steady; his manners mild and unassuming. He was of a thinking character, and his habits of reading turned his attention to fancy and historical painting. This was a bold choice, in his time, with BARRY's age and indigence, as an historical painter; and the lucrative practice and well-earned fame of REYNOLDS and RONNEY, as portrait painters, before his eyes. It implied either much worldly inexperience, or a noble disinterestedness, and no ordinary share of resolution. In that department of painting, which, by a beautiful fiction, owes its origin to Love, and will ever be consecrated by the purest energies of domestic affection, England had risen to the highest pitch of glory in modern times. In truth and dignity of expression, simple grace, the charms of unborrowed elegance, and whatever pertains to richness of colour, and vigour of effect, the British Portrait Painters, although then mainly deficient as draughtsmen, and negligent in detail, far excelled their rivals on the Continent. Beside the enchanting power and harmony of his tone, in living resemblance and speaking character, REYNOLDS, with all the infirmity of his outline, was not surpassed by any old master. But, thirty years ago, an artist of genius, who devoted his pencil to historical painting, in the hope of cultivating the highest powers of his mind, voluntarily preferred a prospect of struggle and poverty to one of ease and affluence. No profession could be more precarious. He had to endure neglect and poverty, with little other consolation, but the chance of a group of noble pall-bearers, a proud inscription on

his tomb-stone, and the too-late lament of public sympathy over his grave.

The British Artists had not then a PUBLIC-SPIRITED BODY of NOBILITY and GENTRY associated to vindicate native Genius, and bestow countenance and encouragement on that high department of painting, in which encouragement was wanting. They had not, as they have now, a BRITISH INSTITUTION, setting a noble example to the Nation, and pledged, upon a patriotic principle, to the primary duty of affording young historical painters of merit a distinguished introduction to their country, by conferring honour and reward upon their works.

Woodford had sufficient firmness to persevere in his first choice; although public circumstances strongly tempt an English student, in despite of his academical instructors, to begin painting in oil colours, before he has laid in a sufficient stock of drawing. For this premature ambition, many plead the example of the great Fathers of the English School, *Reynolds*, *Gainsborough*, and *Ronney*. But the latter, owing to the disadvantages under which they came forward, had no opportunity of acquiring an academical acquaintance with the human figure; and their works, amidst all their display of fine taste and genius, betray a continual endeavour to conceal defective forms under imposing masses of effect. Those eminent men were conscious of their misfortune, and judiciously toiled to supply, in the superstructure of their art, what was wanting of solidity in its foundation. But what was an unavoidable necessity in them, has been too often made a reprehensible choice by many of their imitators. This was not young Woodford's case. He resisted the temptation of showing off his powers upon canvas, before he had acquired a mastery of the port-crayon. With a view to fit himself for painting History, he diligently drew in the academy, and studied the naked figure; attended public lectures on anatomy; read, and meditated much upon the structure of the human form. His academy figures, in chalks on coloured paper, marked with his initials, and the dates, have fallen occasionally under our notice; and are proofs of the advantages which he reaped from this judicious course of practice. His progress, however, was gradual, and not marked by any extraordinary indications. He continued to profit by the advantages which the Academy afforded him for some years: but it is certain that he did not obtain any of its annual prizes. We do not know whether this circumstance was occasioned by the superiority of competitors, or his having forborne to exhibit as a candidate for academical honours. In this, at least, he resembled *Domenichino*, who obtained no prizes when a scholar; but afterwards successfully contested for celebrity with the *Caracci*, his masters.

Anxious to form his mind upon the works of the ancient masters, Woodford, after a few years, determined to visit Italy. As none but those who obtain prizes are sent abroad by the Academy, he would have had to defray his own expenses, or, if unable to do that, must have remained at home.

But, without having any risk to encounter, he was freed from all anxiety, and enabled to go abroad, by a liberal annuity settled upon him by HENRY HOARE, Esq. and continued by his heir SIR RICHARD HOARE. We record this princely instance of public spirit, as an example to others, with more pleasure, because that spirit has descended to our time, as an inheritance of glory in the same family. The young aspirant landed upon the Continent some time in the year 1785 or 6; and his first residence was at Rome. He there studied the most celebrated pictures; but chiefly the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and devoted himself to drawing from the antique sculptures. Among the young English artists who were there, he associated particularly with Mr. DEARE and Mr. ROBINSON. The former was a student in Sculpture, and a pupil of the ROYAL ACADEMY in LONDON, who had been sent to Italy, by that Institution, for improvement, with an annual allowance from its funds for his support. He was a man of genius; and Woodforde and he derived mutual benefit from their amicable rivalry in drawing together from the marbles. Soon after their meeting, HOWARD, another pupil of the ROYAL ACADEMY in LONDON, visited Rome. By classical studies, and emulative association, this Artist enriched his mind, and unfolded his feeling and elegant fancy. His conceptions possessed more ideal loveliness and lyrical beauty, than gravity of historical pretension. He there laid in those materials for subjects from ancient mythology, allegory and poetry, in which, since the decease of Cipriani, with Parmesan grace, and a Bolognian simplicity of colouring, has charmed all men of true taste, and established a distinguished reputation. DEARE'S drawings formed a considerable collection. They were finished with an intention of having a series of engravings published from them; but that promising Artist died early; and his works are, at this day, spoken of with high commendation. ROBINSON was, also, a man of ability. His talents lay in Portrait-painting; in which, but for his premature death, he had a fair prospect of arriving at eminence.

With a strong attachment to painting, WOODFORDE was not naturally subject to over-violent impulses. His ardour in study, was not accompanied by a presumption in his powers. But, in the capital of the ancient world, surrounded by the most sublime models, and impelled by the generous enthusiasm of a crowd of rivals from all parts of Europe, he moved in a circle of excitement. The study of those precious monuments of human genius, the antique statues and bas-reliefs, and the daily contemplation of the pictures in the churches and palaces, not only furnish the purest conceptions of form and expression; but the most powerful motives for emulation. If Woodforde did not provoke envy by an affectation of superiority, he maintained his rank of respectability and obtained many permanent advantages. But, while he anxiously endeavoured to acquire firmness as a draughtsman, and a classic taste of design, from the ancient sculptures, he made less advances

in colouring, chiaro-scuro, and fluency of execution. This has been the case of many celebrated painters. Draughtsmen and designers are as apt to overlook those beauties which float upon the surface and first attract the eye, as great Colourists are to neglect the deeper requisites.

But that Mr. Woodforde was not insensible to the value of colouring, is proved by his stay in Venice, after he had finished his studies at Rome. To a superficial mind this course might have been dangerous. But to an Artist who has acquired a correct and severe habit of design; whose colouring wants glow and juice; or whose pencil and spirit require to be freed from the trammels of diffident practice, the fearless brush and sensual hues of the Venetian style must be of service. In that school of colouring, he had an opportunity of copying the works of the best masters. But whether he did not remain a sufficient length of time there to discover their true principles; or that Nature had not bestowed upon his eye all the fine sensibilities of a rich Colourist, or that he dreaded to drink too deep of the Circean cup before him; it is certain that he did not add to what he had acquired of Roman elegance in design, as much of the Venetian hues and tone as might have been expected from his good taste and classical feeling. We have seen within these few days, his easel copy of a celebrated painting by PAUL VERONESE, the Family of Darius before Alexander. The original was in the Pisani palace, and is known to collectors by a coarse print engraved after it, by NATALIS COCHIN, in the 17th century; and by Cosimo Mogalli's more modern engraving. The composition includes two great groups of figures, and a grand architectural back-ground. The copy possesses much merit; but it is executed with more careful attention than vivacity. In whatever belongs to the style of drawing and character of the heads, it exhibits a just following of the original; and may be fairly pronounced a pleasing and valuable specimen of Mr. Woodforde's studies. But in much of that which constitutes the fascination of *Paolo's surface*, it is unequal. It has not altogether caught that movement, at once so impetuous and tender, so bold and sweet, so full of masterly negligence and sparkling illumination. Many have lost sight of more valuable essentials, in the attempt to follow a pencil, which may be said to have scattered graces and seductions and enchantments, wherever it fell. But few have successfully copied those broad disdainful dashes and touches, with which this extraordinary master decided the character of his heads, hands, and feet; the most difficult muscular details and most daring novelties of fore-shortening.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

The opening of the Winter Theatres enlarges our field for Dramatic Criticism; and, intimately as the Stage is connected with the morals, manners, and literature of the age, so as to be perhaps the best index to the two former, and no mean criterion of the

latter, our readers will not be disappointed if they expect from the Literary Gazette even greater attention to "the mimic world" than it has hitherto obtained in its pages, though they have been more devoted to theatrical matters than is usual with the periodical press.

We think the Drama important; and it is our wish to treat it with the consideration it deserves:—we think the Drama amusing; and we hope to impart the same quality to many of the essays springing out of that fountain. Between its higher and lower attributes, its pretensions and performances, its theory and practice, it would decide the barrenness of any publication, did it not find, in treating the subject, much to instruct and entertain. The Quarterly Review, just published, questions the efficacy of theatrical representation as a moral and political engine, and declares, "the truth is, that the Drama is not a cause, but an effect of the state of society." Our limits do not permit us now to discuss this opinion, to which we cannot entirely subscribe, though we are ready to go a great way towards its inferences. In our judgment the effects of theatrical representation cannot be bent to the support of any general proposition: they are felt individually and particularly, and though it is true enough that men do not go avowedly to the play "to be improved nor depraved, to learn nor unlearn the precepts of morality, or the rules of life," it surely cannot be denied, that they may be, and are likely greatly to be, either improved or depraved by the vivid illusions of the scenic school. In youth this is notorious;—a child does not escape from Punch's Opera without a strong, and too often a wrong, impression; nor maturer age from the theatre without the sap or the implantation of principles which are calculated to operate powerfully in the realities of life. Possibly there are few persons of observation who do not know many instances which would establish this fact beyond controversy: we could illustrate it by very remarkable anecdotes. But it needs no demonstration, unless, indeed, it is meant to be contended, that merely because it is given where people go for amusement, and not for instruction, there is no difference between a licentious and a moral lesson, inculcated with all the aids of personal imitation, and semblance of reality.

In our No. 32, we stated the various alterations making in Drury-Lane Theatre:—these were completed on Friday, on the night of which we saw them displayed, in company with a strange medley of several hundred persons admitted on the occasion. There were the critics of the periodical press, (we put them first out of esprit du corps); play-managers, play-mongers, play-actors, play-writers, play-wrights; committee-men, we had almost called them "fifth committee-men," but they are only fourth; persons of some consequence, and more who wished to be thought so; gentlemen liberal of advice, and sparing of encouragement; great detectors of small defects, and acute discoverers of obvious imperfections; se-

² Quarterly Review.

veral performers, who appeared on the stage for the first time in their real characters, and several real characters, who seemed to be performing assumed parts (we cannot say that either were seen to their advantage); scientific discourses on gas, mechanical geniuses not concealing their illumination, citizens, fashionables, the vulgar, genteel, informed, ignorant, more talkers than observers, more impertinent than unassuming;—in fine, a curious assemblage, a complete microcosm of London was here got together, and furnished us with as much food for entertaining speculation as we ever before encountered, even in a Theatre. Here was an actor grimacing to a friend in the audience part, to ascertain if his contortions were distinct under the new lights. There was a philosopher demonstrating that flame would flicker—if it was blown about by currents of air. Lo, a traveller, who had seen Brussels, if not Paris, describing how the Theatres were contrived which he had seen “upon the Continent.”—Anon, an officious fellow whispering some grand secret into the ear of a manager, whose eye was wandering over galleries, pit, boxes, lamps, lustres, side-scenes, and even the floor, with a distressing vacuity of inattention.—But if we mount our speculative hobby, we shall never see the School for Scandal, with which, all the experiments over, this House opened on Saturday.

This admirable Comedy was well acted as a whole, though we have seen most of the characters cast in a style more congenial to the talents of the different performers; or possibly this feeling may arise from their being more admirable in other parts. For example; Munden's Old Dozey, in the Farce of Past Ten o'Clock, was infinitely superior to his Sir Peter Teazle, and merely because it is more in his peculiar line. His natural twist was only once let forth in the play, about the little French Milliner. The same observation applies to Knight's Crab-tree, who ought to have the manners of fashionable life, though a member of the Scandalous Coterie. Mr. Wallack, an improving and good actor, is not fit for a Joseph: he is severe instead of being specious; and, alas, Poor Wewitzer, while we approve the benevolence which retains an old and favourite servant on the establishment, we cannot but deprecate the painful exhibition upon the stage of decayed powers, dotage, and imbecility. It brings before us too forcibly that approach to the

“Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history.”

It is a curious circumstance, but there is something in the contemplation of an actor declining towards the grave, more affecting than the same condition in another man. Does this arise from never having seen him under the visitations of humanity, but always under false colours; from the contrasted view of a melancholy reality in the midst of a pleasing fiction; or from both?

The other performers in the School for Scandal require only a brief notice. Mrs. Davison is an excellent Lady Teazle; we have heard that some of her predecessors were more of the lady, and consequently, say the more ancient critics of our ac-

quaintance, superior to her; but to our judgment she has not one whit more of the hoyden, than may well be supposed to remain of her rustic education, not yet polished down by six months' conversation with the gay world. Mr. Rae's Charles is a good deal marred by the impediment in his enunciation; Dowton, in uncle Noll, Mrs. Orger, in Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Harlow, in Lady Sneerwell, Mr. Powell, in the honest Rowley, and Mr. Harley as Sir Benjamin Backbite, with his chin dancing an everlasting jig with his neckcloth, were all efficient to the tasks assigned them, and contributed their full share to what we have mentioned as the chief merit of the performances, viz. the singular attention to stage effect, so as to render many of the scenes quite dramatic pictures in grouping and expression.

Past Ten o'Clock was the afterpiece, and exceedingly humorous in its farcical phases. It introduced Mrs. Alsop and Messrs. Oxberry and Gattie for the season, who, as well as the performers in the comedy, were greeted with the kind recognising plaudits of the audience.

The curtain rose at 7 precisely, and the play proceeded so rapidly that we do not think the proscenium was down two minutes altogether between the acts. This sharpness of action produced great discord in the orchestra; the prompter's bell often interrupting the bow midway as it swept the strings in its first ascent, and dividing the notes of the instruments in the most novel and odd manner imaginable. Of so little use were the fiddles that we became apprehensive, holding them would be declared a *sinecure office*, and struck off among other reforms. The farce is a long one, and, notwithstanding the expedition employed, it was past 12 before “Past Ten” finished. The audience applauded the little loss of time; but for our parts we should be glad of some moments more of repose between the acts. Not only does the mind require it; but not unfrequently the drama itself, for the sake of illusion.

Of the alterations in the theatre, we gave an ample description a fortnight ago. On completion, we find the Chinese Temple, with its nondescripts, dragons and lanterns, rather heavier than we expected. It makes the saloon, and does not ornament it. Certainly the taste of these structures cannot be complimented; but as a novelty this will have its day of attraction; and, though we hear the grumblers lament the disfiguration of the antecedent noble simplicity, we imagine the treasury will be the better for the alteration.

We rejoice to be assured that there was not the slightest foundation for the report, that an attempt was to be made to dramatize the recent trial of Morrison and Hall, at this theatre.

On Tuesday the Double Gallant, with Incog, were well performed.

There is too much similarity between this play and farce to admit of their being represented on the same Evening, without manifest injury to the latter, and a severe attack upon its originality. The curtain dropped at about 25 minutes past 11 o'clock, so that

commencing at 7 does not necessarily imply the procrastination of the entertainments to a very late period.

A Mr. Stanley, from Bath, made a very successful debut on Thursday. In figure and face he is not pre-eminently happy, and a provincial coarseness of manner sometimes provokes censure. His voice, however, is good; he possesses great vivacity and some humour, and frequently reminded us of Elliston. The part selected for his first appearance, was that of *Rover*, in “Wild Oats.” He did not display all the variety which the character requires; but the animation and pleasantry which distinguished his performance, ensured him a most favourable reception, and he closed his labours amidst shouts of unanimous applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

The alteration at this fine Theatre consists entirely in a new method of lighting by Gas, and ventilating it so as to correct any unpleasant effect from the introduction of this luminous agent. The old lights have disappeared, and five lustres, two upon the wings of the stage, and three equidistant round the dress circle of boxes, with a magnificent chandelier dropping from the roof, constitute the whole of the process for illuminating the audience part. The chandelier is the most beautiful and brilliant thing of the kind ever seen. It descends from the centre over the pit like a water spout, the lower part studded with an hundred stars. From this a shower of the brightest and the softest splendour falls over the space, pervades the circumference, and drops in liquid light upon ornamented column and human countenance. The effect surpasses imagination. The mechanical part of this design is also richly and skillfully executed. A fine reflector above the flames contributes to throw their radiance downward, and at the same time to carry off by a tube their heat and smoke. A deep fringe of cut glass surrounds the whole, and a multitude of pieces of the same material, variously combined into the form of a hemisphere, serve as the frame in which these stars are set to emit their streams of silver radiance. The lustre, on the stage and dress circle are worthy of the superior constellation. Handsome drooping branches convey the gas to bell glasses—which are ground white towards the boxes to save the eye, and are bright only on the outer side. The only improvement we can suggest in these, would be to gild the black tubes which carry off the smoke. Two semi-circular mirrors, one at each end of the lower box circle, produce a magical appearance, and prolong the company in reflected multitudes. These are lighted by indifferent candles; gas would be much better. Upon the whole we find language inadequate to convey a perfect idea of this splendid spectacle, which does equal credit to the science and arts of the country, and to the management of the theatre. The reward of such magnificence, belongs to the public, and endeavours like these to merit its countenance, will never, we trust, in this great country be made in vain.

On Monday this Theatre opened with Hamlet, a tribute due to our immortal Shakespeare. God save the King was sung as usual, and the various performers were on their entrances welcomed with the warmth of long divided friends. Messrs. Young, Blanchard, Abbott, and Farley, were particularly distinguished in these salutes, as were Miss Booth and Liston in the melodrama of the Miller and his men. The representation of Hamlet is so familiar to the public, that nothing new can be said of the play, and little of the players. Mr. Young is sententious, and in our opinion, rather coldly correct. He imparted peculiar force to but few of the many passages, which even in the philosophical Prince, ought to be thrown out with the emphasis of passion. Hamlet moralizes, but he also feels. His temperament is mild and his purposes irresolute; but dreadful are the circumstances which excite him, and the horror of human crime and stimulus of supernatural agency conspire to drive him to the verge of madness. Too much of calm is therefore out of character, and in this respect, almost universal on the English stage in the part of Hamlet, we think Mr. Young goes as far as any of the leading performers whom we have seen in it. Horatio was assigned to a Mr. Bonnell Thornton, who appeared at the other house last year, we believe, for the benefit of Mrs. Bartley. This debutant is, we are informed, the grandson of the gentleman of the same name, and of some literary celebrity as joint Editor of the *Connoisseur*, and joint Translator of Plautus. As far as we can judge from one essay, we must lament that he has been induced to seek the stage as a profession. His enunciation seems defective, his action is stiff and ungraceful, his countenance destitute of expression, and his entire performance of a kind to damp the hopes of future excellence. Blanchard's Polonius is one of the best upon the stage; and Abbot makes as much of Laertes as can be expected. Miss Matthews sustained the sorrows of the sweet Ophelia. It is not her forte, yet there were parts very commendable. There is an inclination to smirking in her pretty face, which all the griefs of the tragic muse cannot controul; and if the mad scenes had required that very common demonstration of madness, laughter, we are sure she would have acquitted herself admirably. As it was, she was really very pleasing and pathetic in the higher-wrought passages.

The curtain rose at seven, and, though not a moment was lost between the acts, did not drop till past twelve. The theatre was kept of a most agreeable temperature through the evening, by the forced ventilation, and may well be held up as the most magnificent place of public entertainment in the world.

On Wednesday, Guy Mannering, a new pastoral dance, and Aladdin, were the performances. Miss Stephens, Mr. Sinclair, and, though last, not least, Mr. Grimaldi, were warmly welcomed. As for the new and nameless Divertissement, we confess our ignorance of the *language of toes*, and therefore our readers must excuse us for not de-

veloping the story, which we have no doubt was circumstantially told by the feet of Noble, Luppino, and the Dennetts.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, this Theatre, fertile in Operettas, alias little Operas, produced another, entitled *Disguises*. It is a lively and entertaining trifle, from the French as we imagine, but ascribed to Mr. S. Beazley. Frederica, Miss Kelly, to obtain from her cousin the widow Panache, Mrs. Pincott, a will which unjustly deprives her of a fortune of 50,000 ducats, assumes the garb of a young Hussar, wins the affections of the Lady, and gets her to surrender the document in favour of Frederica, whom she trooper pretends to abandon for her more attractive relation. But the latter having previously given a bond of marriage to an old foolish Count Hildebrand (Chatterley), under a heavy penalty, it is necessary to get back this document also. This Frederica accomplishes in her own person, allowing the Count to fancy himself a successful suitor. The disguises she assumes, and those of Captain Muller (Wrench) her favoured lover, and her servant, give the name to the piece, which is, as we have noticed, light, bustling, and amusing. The sexual jokes of the Hussar are not quite so excellent as those of Rosalind, whose imitator at a humble distance she is; but this actress is so lively and captivating, that she bore the little Opera through on her shoulders in triumph.

We took an opportunity of witnessing *Midas*, on Wednesday. Miss J. Stevenson looked very handsome in *Daphne*, and bids fair to be transplanted to a winter theatre. Mr. Pearman's Apollo was an agreeable performance; he sung the songs with much taste.

The *Chinese shrubbery* has been superseded by an *Italian terrace*! The flowers look to be blooming by candle-light, and many of the trees have green leaves.

This theatre has also been lighted with gas, in a circle of bell lights round the boxes. No better principle can be applied to the purpose;—the illumination is equally diffused, and of a nature to please the eye, though exceedingly bright and effulgent. The festoons of glass drops from lamp to lamp have, however, a paltry appearance.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

We have received a smart letter on the subject of the remarks in our last Number, upon these beautiful gardens. It is between a remonstrance and an attempt, at least, at wit; but it would be unjust to insert it without illustrative notes, even had it reached us before our pages were too much preoccupied to allow us to print it baldly as it came to hand. We can assure the writer, that so far from meaning injury or injustice to this place of amusement, we think it eminently entitled to public patronage; but, at the same time, "the truth" is our motto; and though we wish to tell it kindly, we will never promulgate an error if we can avoid it. The letter shall appear in our next, with corrections and annotations.

FRENCH DRAMA.

THEATRE DE LA GAITE.

ALPHONSE ET INES, OU LES DEVOIRS D'UN ROI, a melo-drama in three acts.

This piece, produced on the 26th, is spoken favourably of by the Parisian critics. King Alphonso of Spain, being a minor, his uncle and guardian Fernando oppresses the people by the cruellest tyranny, and even forms a plot to assassinate the young monarch and usurp the throne. The beautiful Ines, a supposed peasant, and daughter of Pedro; but in fact Leonora, the daughter of Alvarez, a minister disgraced by the intrigues of Fernando, discovers this plot, and warns the King of his danger. The conspirator is finally obliged to fly, and Ines is married to Alphonso, with the approbation of all parties except a rustic lover, Toninos, disappointed of his mistress. The author was called for, and announced as M. Ferriere-Leblanc.

ODEON.

VAUGLAS, OU LES ANCIENS AMIS.

A comedy under this title, from the pen of M. Picard, is at present performing with great success at the *Theatre de l'Odeon*. The following is a sketch of the story:

Saint-Phar, the commandant of a fortress, has committed the double imprudence of remaining faithful to a minister out of favour, and writing against a minister in place, (the *Abbé Dubois*). In addition to this, he is guilty of the real fault of quitting his post without permission, in order to proceed clandestinely to Paris, to avert the storm which is preparing for him. He is accompanied by his friend, *M. Villeneuve*, who is so important a personage that *Vauglas* constantly expresses the deepest concern at the idea "of forfeiting his good opinion." Consequently, of all the old friends with whom *Vauglas* had dined, at the house of M. Mongravier, his banker, *Villeneuve* is the only one whom he receives with distinction on the following day.

Being informed of the situation of *Saint-Phar*, *Vauglas* offers to conceal him in his own house, and his proposal is readily accepted. He then proceeds to the Minister, and vainly endeavours to overcome the resentment of the ignoble tyrant. On his return, he expresses his detestation of the Minister's conduct, in terms so violent, that *Mongravier* trembles whilst he acknowledges that the "good *Abbé Dubois* is a public calamity." But what is the indignation of *Vauglas* when he receives a message from the Minister, who, in his high confidence, commissions him to draw up a fulminating report to the Privy Council, against the friend whose cause he had just defended. What confidence! or rather what refinement of oppression! *Vauglas* is on the point of yielding to the inspirations of his good genius, and breaking the unworthy chain which binds him to the tyrant; but his wife, who is an amiable and interesting woman, though a slave to vanity, urges him to fulfil the orders of the Minister, though she is indeed ignorant of their nature. *Vauglas* knows not how to proceed; he even hopes to prove serviceable to *Saint-Phar*, by assuming the odious character of

his accuser; may he not mitigate the faults of his friend? may he not obtain for him a temporary exile? Perplexed between one argument and another, he at length sits down to dictate to his secretary the preamble of the report. "The Commandant, *Saint-Phar*, has committed a fault.—No, say an error."—At this moment, *Madame Vauglas* enters the drawing-room: she has invited a party of friends to celebrate the birthday of her husband. The latter accordingly retires to his closet to finish the mystery of iniquity.

The friends of *Saint-Phar* are indefatigable in their exertions to save him from disgrace. They address the *Duke de Saint-Simon*, who, being assured of his innocence, obliges the Regent to take under his protection him on whose destruction *Dubois* had shown himself so intent. The Prime Minister is under the necessity of revoking the orders he had issued; but he attaches all the blame to *Vauglas*, of whose conduct he communicates a report to *Saint-Simon*. Unmasked to the eyes of his old friends, *Vauglas* is deprived of his places, and the good *Abbé Dubois* kindly advises him to quit Paris. The generous commandant, in his turn, offers him an asylum. But *Vauglas* prefers retiring to the residence of a young advocate and his wife:—he has contributed to bring about the union of this happy couple, and in their benedictions he finds an alleviation of his torment. In the bosom of this amiable family he hopes to regain that tranquillity of heart which is banished from the sphere of a corrupt government and a licentious court.

Our Continental neighbours are very religious—upon the Stage! The *Maccabees* and the *Townais* are announced as forthcoming at the Ambigu: the *Passage of the Red Sea*, at La Gaîté: the *Faithless Wives*, at the Porte St. Martin: and *Atala*, (dramatized from the episode in the "Génie du Christianisme") at the Cirque de Franconi.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

Not long since the Daily Press was wont to introduce, what is called the *leading article*, with an apology for being barren, if the News of the Day did not offer some striking facts for illustration and comment. We must do the same with the News of the Week. There is literally nothing to record, and we enter not into discussions which belong to party views.

The weather still continues favourable to the Harvest, and the crops of the southern part of the kingdom are now safely housed in the barns of the farmer. A little longer continuance of this blessing will, we trust, secure the produce of Scotland. The price of grain has fallen very considerably. The Typhus fever in Ireland still rages, but we rejoice to add with decreased violence.

A corps of 10,000 men have been

ordered to be formed near Breslau, in consequence of tumults in that city. Constantinople has been visited by fire and pestilence. At Inspruck the shock of an earthquake was felt on the 19th August. Thus do political and natural causes disturb the repose of mankind. When we have not evils, we generally make them for ourselves.

An American 36-gun ship (the *Washington*), and a frigate of 44 guns, are in the Bay of Naples. The United States seem anxious to obtain their demands upon the late, from the present Government. Russia, it is said, is mediating between these parties.

A rumour of insurrections in the South of France has obtained currency, and sunk into oblivion, within the last seven days.

The conspirators Desbans and Chayoux were shot to death on the plain of Grenelle on Saturday last, pursuant to their sentence. The French papers, as usual, have romantic details of the vain heroism displayed by these ruffians at their execution:—

"A Rope so charming a Zone is!"

The seditious persons in confinement at Lancaster, who were apprehended in the midst of their mad scheme to march to London in a body, have been discharged without being brought to trial. The reason assigned by Government for this act of clemency is, that the restored tranquillity of the country renders any further vindictive measures unnecessary.

The Marchioness of Sligo died on the 20th ult. at Amsterdam, where she attended the return of her husband, Sir W. Scott, from Switzerland.

Mr. Huskisson, we are sorry to state, has met with an accident which fractured his arm, as he was pursuing his beneficial inquiries into the state of the national woods and forests, near Havant, last week.

We are truly sorry to see from the Newspapers that the attempt to explore the interior of Africa by the expedition sent to the windward coast has proved equally abortive with that which was sent up the Congo (of which the only narrative which has yet been given, appears periodically in the Literary Gazette). A letter from Sierra Leone, of June 30, states, that intelligence of the failure had arrived at that place a few days before. Captain CAMPBELL was reported to have died of a broken heart, and the expedition was expected to return. The second Naval Officer in command, who had been left at Sierra Leone on account of ill health, but was recovered and on his way to join the expedition, returned to

Sierra Leone, on hearing of Captain CAMPBELL's death, to consult the Governor upon the future conduct of the expedition.

VARIETIES.

FRENCH CARICATURES.—The rage for Caricatures in Paris may be conceived by the following list of those directed to a single subject within the last fortnight, viz. to the row of the shopmen at the Théâtre de Variétés against their representative M. Calicot.

"M. Calicot returning from the Combat of the Mountains falls expiring into the arms of Madame Muslinet, (Perkaline.)"

"M. Calicot fatigued with toil."

"The return of Calicot, or the Calicots have not made the curtain drop."

"Double Calicot; the first in time of war; the second in time of peace."

"Return of Calicot from the Combat of the Mountains; his half-ell broken."

"Another Time; another Calicot—1807, 1817."

"The Calicots in Vedettes, or the investment of an Author's House."

"The despair of Jocrisse-Calicot."

"The Whiskers displaced."

"Calicot's departure for the combat."

"Calicot's return from the war to Miss Muslin."

"The combat of the Russian Mountains, or the Folly Beaujon."

"Calicot armed Chevalier."

"We swear the fall of the curtain!"

"Calicot enraged."

"Calicot's exploit in exercising his functions."

"Reception of a Knight of the Half-ell, and his entry upon the field of honour."

"The *Magasins* de Calicots in good order."

"M. Calicot in actual service."

"The Modern Gladiator."

"M. Calicot reforming."

"Toilette of M. Calicot. I want mustachios too, Papa."

"Miss Muslin cuirassing M. Calicot."

"The inconveniency of spurs in a warehouse of novelties."

"M. Calicot getting thrashed at the Mountains of the *Variétés*."

"Packing up of Calicots."

"Miss Muslin taking off the (paper) cuirass of M. Calicot, to tend the wounds received in the affair of the Mountains."

"The Calicots again."

"War in peace-time."

"The Calicots at the Bois de Boulogne."

"M. Calicot mounting to the assault."

"In all thirty-one within a fortnight!!!"

Several have been published since, but what is still worse for them, three of these unfortunate Calicots have been condemned by the Correctional Police, for the riot at the Theatre, to 6 months' imprisonment, and a fine of 100 francs; and a fourth to three days, confinement, and a mulct of 25 francs.

Population of Denmark, Births in 1816 32,125
Deaths 22,740

Increase of the population . . . 9,385

ANECDOTES.—In the year 1807 a frigate was built at Bourdeaux. It was related at the time, and confidently believed, that some English Naval Officers had come in disguise to Bourdeaux, to reconnoitre this vessel without being discovered, and that they left behind them a letter directed to the master shipwright under whose direction it was built, saying that the frigate was a very fine one, and desiring him to get it ready for sea as soon as possible, *because the English were in want of it.* It was in fact taken three years afterwards at the mouth of the river.

In the year 1780, a young English nobleman lost to Count Palfy in Vienna the sum of 120,000 florins (12,000*l.*) and gave him a bond for the sum, to be paid after the death of his father, whom he wished not to afflict by asking him to pay so large a debt for him. Count Palfy admired his delicacy, but caused the bond, torn in two, to be delivered to the father. The young Englishman however sent the 120,000 florins in money to the Count immediately upon the death of his father.

A. M. Jeantet, musical instrument-maker at Lyons, has made some improvements on the bassoon, which he announces as having carried that instrument to such perfection, as to recommend it to supersede in *les chants d'Eglise*, the Old Serpent, heretofore so important in the Church!

An Irish Gentleman, not very celebrated for correctness in pecuniary matters, was pressing a friend to lend him a sum of money on his bill. "But if I advance this will you repay me punctually," said his friend: "By — I will, with the expense of the Protest and all!"

The Quarterly Review mentions that the name of the Sandwich Islands has been oddly translated into the Spanish Nautical Vocabulary. They have transformed our first Lord of the Admiralty into a Saint, and the Isles named in his honour are with them The Isles of Saint Duisk!

Antiquities discovered upon the site of the old Dolphin Inn.—We have purposely forbore from giving any account of the remarkable subterraneous treasure lately discovered in this place, in the hope that the workmen, by whom it was brought to light, would be induced to give a faithful narrative of the transaction. Some part of this treasure, however, still remains concealed; and more has, perhaps, been consigned to the melting-pot; we shall not therefore longer delay gratifying the curiosity of our readers.

On Saturday, August 23, as some workmen were digging for the foundation of a building, in the cellar of the old Dolphin Inn, below the spot once occupied by the late Alderman Newling's coal-yard, about four feet from the surface they struck into a soil of black mould, above which the ground had been artificially raised, probably when the Dolphin Inn was erected. Here they found the mouldered remains of a leather bag, out of which there fell, jingling, a parcel of gold rings, containing precious stones, in very ancient setting; also some old silver coins, and other articles of value, the whole of which will perhaps not be known. The workmen beginning afterwards to quarrel about the booty, news of the discovery reached the owner of the estate; who has recovered a part of the property. It consists

of the following curious reliques; which have remained buried five hundred and fifty years, as will appear by the sequel; and about seventeen years before the building of St. Peter's college, or the foundation of this university. We shall describe the different articles, as we have seen them, in numerical order.

1. A Sapphire, rudely set in its natural form; in a ring of pure gold; weighing, with the stone, 4 pennyweights, 9 grains. Such a Ring was taken out of the Coffin of John de Fontibus, Bishop of Ely, who died 1225.

2. An Amethyst, do. weighing 2 pennyweights, 8 grains.

3. Ditto, do. weighing 1 pennyweight, 19 grains.

4. Ruby, do. weighing 23 grains.

5. Small gem, unknown, weighing, with the ring, 21 grains.

6. Large brooch of pure gold, mounted in silver; the silver being completely mineralized, and converted into a *mariale*; originally studded with Rubies, one of which remains; the whole of curious workmanship; its weight equals an ounce, wanting only 23 grains.

7. Small brilliant gold *Fleur de Lis*, broken from some trinket that has disappeared: it is more like the *Florentine* than the French *Fleur de Luce*.

8. Piece of Coral set in silver.

9. A collection of Silver Pennies of Henry the Third, struck in his fifty-first year; about which time they seem to have been buried. These Pennies were called *sterlings*; and it was enacted that each of them should weigh "thirty-two wheat corns in the midst of the ears!" which is their exact weight at the present moment, weighed against the wheat corn of the present year, in cases where the Coins are perfect. Some of them are rather decomposed than worn; and they are now brittle, as they were when they were struck; it being usual to break them for small payments. In the reign of Henry the Third, four quarts of ale sold for a penny; barley being two shillings per quarter. Upon these Pennies the head of the King appears in full face, in front, with the legend *Henricus Rex III.*, or *TENCI*. The reverse has a double cross extending to the edge of the Coin, and three *Pellets* in each quarter.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

ROME.—In one of the last sittings of the Academy of the Roman Catholic Religion, Monsignore Gio. Fort. Zamboni, Secretary to the Academy, demonstrated in a dissertation on the Craniological system of Dr. Gall, 1st. That it was contrary to Physiology; 2d. That the principle of it was false, erroneous, tending to materialism and fatalism, destructive of the liberty of man, and derogatory to the dignity of the human race, which according to Dr. Gall differs from brutes only in an accidental physical conformation. The *Diario di Roma* says that all this was proved by reasonings equally convincing and eloquent. This will doubtless surprise Dr. Gall, whose system, as he asserts, no more tends to materialism than that of the very religious Lavater, who, it may be presumed, never thought of ranking himself in the class of brutes.

A ferocious animal, of a singular kind, has been killed the 20th of last month, in a wood belonging to the Commune of Moxilly-sur-Saône (Cote d'Or), by a farmer of that commune. Those who have seen it say it has some resemblance to the lynx; it is,

however, thicker and longer in the body. Its head is like that of the fox, its feet are very short: there is a whitish circle round the neck. A fetid smell proceeded from it at the moment it was killed. The gamekeepers and wolf-hunters, who had pursued it during six weeks before, never heard it bark in the night like the wolves. This animal has been the scourge of the country. It had already devoured seven and wounded twenty children.—*French paper.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Second Part of Lackington and Co.'s Catalogue, containing the Classes, curious and rare Books, old Plays, Astrology, Poetry, and the Arts, Philosophy, Natural History, Games and Sports, &c. &c. is now published. The Third Part, containing Greek and Latin Classics, and books in all Foreign Languages, will be published in October: and the Fourth and last Part at Christmas, which will contain a very large collection of Divinity, and an Appendix of additions to all the classes.

A work entitled *Memoirs for the History of the Fifty Years from 1760 to 1810*, by the late Abbé Georgel, a distinguished Member of the order of Jesuits, and confidential Secretary to Cardinal de Rohan, is about to be published at Paris, in three volumes; and if the *annonce* is to be believed, excites great interest from the talents of the author, (who died in 1813,) and his means of information.

Waxall's *Memoirs* have been translated into French by a Mr. Durdent.

Dr. Turton has ready for publication, a *Conchological Dictionary of the British Islands*.

Zapolya, a Dramatic Poem, by Mr. Coleridge, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

Lebrun's Prize Poem at the French Academy has been printed on a sheet and a half quarto, by Didot, and published at Paris. Several of the competition poems have also issued from the press.

A History of St. Domingo, from the earliest period to the present time, from the best authorities, is now at press, and nearly ready for publication.

The McCarthy Library, as it appears from the Catalogue now published in two volumes octavo, with the prices, produced the sum of 404,746 francs, 55 centimes, exclusive of the articles withdrawn without being bid for. It should seem that a considerable number of books from this library were bought up on speculation, as Messrs. Debure at Paris have published a catalogue of four sheets, octavo, consisting entirely of rare books purchased at that sale, which they offer to the amateurs at the prices annexed to them.

The justly celebrated printer, M. Firmin Didot, who had already honourably distinguished himself by his translation in verse of the *Pastorals* of Virgil and Theocritus, has now ventured on the arduous task of composing a Tragedy. He has chosen for his subject Hannibal at the Court of Prusias, King of Bithynia. The principal characters are Prusias, Nicomedes his son, Hannibal, and Flamininus. It is remarkable that there is not a single female character in the piece. M. Didot has kept very exactly to the accounts given by historians. The language of the tragedy, say the French critics, (for we have not seen it ourselves) is correct, elegant, and noble; but, from the account they give of it, it does not appear well adapted to succeed on the stage; and the author himself, by choosing to make it public through the medium of the press, seems to have been of this opinion.